

# Belle Finley's JEALOUSY.

BY GEN. CHARLES KING.

The sound of a shot followed instantly by the half-stilled cry of a woman startled every waking soul on the river side of Fort Wayne. It was barely 11 o'clock, and the lights at the barracks had been out since the sound of taps at ten. Then a lantern went dancing away from the guard-house toward the edge of the northern heights. The officer of the day, dropping his pipe and seizing his sword, ran to intercept the light, followed by two or three subalterns.

The shot and shriek had come almost together from the sentry post at the wood-yard under the bluffs at the east end of the garrison.

A few seconds of scurry down the steps and along the shore brought the officers among the piles, where sharp and nervous after the manner of those days, the sentry challenged. "Who comes there?" and Sergeant Cassidy answered, "Sergeant of the guard and friends." Instead of ordering "friends" to halt and the sergeant to advance and be recognized, Number Four forgot his lines and he began an excited explanation: "Sergeant, that shot was fired right there among those bushes. I was up at the other end of the post, but I heard the report and cry, though I couldn't see a thing. The bullet whistled right by my head."

The officers hurried on to where a fringe of brushwood grew close to the lapping waters, Cassidy's lantern being thrust here and there through the bushes and every man searching busily through the dim starlight. Yet, not a single fact of value, not a trace of when, or where, the shot had been fired, was discovered when the winding roadway, and its corporal was about replacing the old sentry. Then Cassidy sang out: "Hold on there!" and, turning suddenly on the German on guard, demanded sternly: "Kramer, show me your rifle."

The young soldier surrendered his piece and stood patient, yet trembling, while the sergeant threw open the breech lock and peered through the barrel, then dropped it, glanced at the officer of the day and shook his head.

"No?" queried the captain. "No, sir, clean as a whistle." "Capt. Brent reluctantly admitted that the search had revealed nothing. The adjutant was placing his boots and telling his unexpected wife to go back to bed, when she interrupted him.

"But Frank, Millie isn't home yet, and you know Kramer was her shadow last winter," and here the adjutant pulled his heel out of the boot jack with a sudden jerk and landed away at the straps. "I let Millie go over to her sister who isn't well."

But Mrs. Foster's words were interrupted, and the adjutant sprang to his roomed feet and then to the door. A little gong bell in the hall had clanged sharply. "I beg your pardon, sir," said a voice that trembled a bit, "but is Millie home?"

Whereupon Mrs. Foster, wringing her hands and bursting into tears, came hurrying out to the hall. "It was Millie's voice," she cried. "I know it. She went to her sister's to Sergeant Shannon's—soon as she put the children to sleep."

"But she left there at taps, ma'am," answered Sergt. Cassidy, with a sob in his massive throat. For two years he had worshipped the Foster's pretty nurse-maid—Sergeant Shannon's youngest daughter—and now he faced about and ran across the parade to the guard-house. Foster grabbed his cap and tore away in pursuit, reaching the wooden citadel none too soon. Cassidy had Private Kramer flat on the porch, throttling him speechless, even while demanding that he speak and say what he had done to Millie Shannon.

And when morning came it found half the garrison dragging the Platte or searching along the banks for the body of the missing and probably murdered girl, and things looked black for Adolph Kramer.

An educated man was Kramer, one who spoke his native tongue as it is heard in Hanover, and French as it is heard in Paris, and English as it isn't often heard in England—one who read and wrote poetry and played the piano with skill and expression. He had enlisted because he had found himself in America, destitute, and the recruiting office seemed the only refuge. The Benton and Foster both employed him to give summer lessons to the children, and in this way he met Millie Shannon, who set her cap for him just to tease Cassidy, madly in love with her, and it wasn't long before the blue-eyed Hanoverian was as much an adorer as the burly Irishman.

An honest and capable man was Cassidy, full twice her age, with several hundreds in bank at Cheyenne, and invested in 4-20's. Old Shannon, the ordinance sergeant, favored the suit of money, for Shannon had many mouths to feed, and a thirsty one of his own, but Millie's pretty head seemed turned by so much adulation, especially when it was evident to everybody that Belle Finley, only child of the post trader, was bent on winning the young German, Indian blood flowed in the veins of that handsome, black-haired girl, for her maternal grandfather was a famous chief of the Ogallala Sioux, and no love was lost between her and Shannon's blue-eyed daughter. Kramer's devotion, therefore, were an added feather in the latter's cap, and she enjoyed his love-making until in April it became important, besides which, big Jim Cassidy, in his wrath, had been holding aloof, and Mrs. Foster had taken her to task, and finally there was a right about. He took it sorely to heart, and his brooding changed to fierce and fitful outbreaks of childish temper. He refused longer to give

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music lessons. He wrote imploring letters to Millie. He scorned all of forts of Belle Finley to console him, and there were men now who warned him to be on his guard against the jealous fury of that Indian-blooded girl.

Then one June morning he marched on guard, and when Private Clancy growled at being assigned to sentry post at the wood yard under the bluff, Kramer asked eagerly to exchange with him—Number Two for Number Four. That afternoon Millie found a missive squeezed in a crevice at the rear gate, and Mrs. Foster saw her reading it, and that evening, after but a brief visit to her invalid sister, Millie had slipped away saying she was going home. That was the last seen or heard of her.

As for Belle Finley she was stoically silent. Both her father and her mother declared her to have been at home and in bed from 10 o'clock, until aroused by the excitement at midnight. Not a trace of the missing girl was found until hours after reveille, when in pulling down one of the woodpiles on the post of Number Four, the searching party came upon a cavalry carbine, calibre 45, lying among the sticks, an empty cartridge shell still in the breech, and then Little Bat, the Sioux half-breed scout, without a word held forth to Capt. Brent a sharp and jagged stake with something white and shiny caught in the splinter of the wood, a fragment of limity, at sight of which Cassidy turned sick with dread, and Mrs. Foster again burst into tears.

That night there was a move among the men that looked ill for Kramer. He had been confined in a cell room of the guard house. It was resolved that they would have him out and the truth with him. The men had made up their minds how it all happened. Kramer had deliberately planned Millie's death because she tired of him and had recalled Cassidy. He had stolen the carbine and secreted it by the river side, had exchanged a good post for the remote and lonely one under the bluffs, had lured her thither, shot her with the carbine and flung her body into the stream.

Promptly at 1.30 in the starlit summer morning, a dozen stalwart fellows, masked and in moccasins or stocking feet, stole out from the rear of the company quarters and, crouching low, bore down the bank within the black shadow of the building, clear, sharp and sudden, followed instantly by the shrill cry of a woman, and then with a wild yell of "Corporal of the guard, Number Four!" the sound of a shot down the bluffs roused all Fort Wayne to instant life, sent Sergt. Corcoran with his lantern tearing away to the scene, and the would-be abductors rushing noiselessly back to the barracks. In less than five minutes Capt. Benton and half a dozen members of the guard were grouped at the river bank, where, limp and senseless, wet and well nigh in rags, yet alive and without a sign of a wound, lay Millie Shannon, while the sentry, scared out of his wits, cowered blubbering among the wood piles, swearing he had seen a ghost.

Quickly they bore her, her head on Cassidy's broad shoulder, to the adjutant's quarters, where Dr. Floyd administered restoratives, but not until morning was her strange story told. As the bullets were sounding first on guard mounting couriers were fording the Platte to ride for the big Horn to warn the cavalry in their summer camp, while mounted men, armed to the teeth, went galloping for Warrior Gap in pursuit of a little band of Apaches that had broken away from their village, guided by the trader's daughter, Belle Finley, and a soldier who was her slave, the first sergeant of Benton's company.

Even Millie didn't realize at first all that her story told. The latter she found in the accustomed place was an appeal from Kramer to see him just once more. Though still a private soldier, he was now a man of means through the death of a relative. The German minister at Washington would secure his discharge. Then he would have competence, and a distinguished name to offer her.

She went—coquetry and curiosity prevailing, and down among the woodpiles was surprised to see shadowy forms—soldiers, probably swapping bottles for whiskey, and she went boldly forward to rebuke them and all too late found herself facing Belle Finley and two or three Indians, already half drunk. Instantly she scooped porridge for Kramer, sought to give him warning, but was seized and firmly held, a broad hand over her mouth. With frantic effort she freed herself just one instant and as a shot was fired she screamed for help. A blow knocked her senseless and when consciousness came she was in a canoe, shooting down the Platte, with her Indian boatmen fighting among themselves for liquor. Somewhere about down the canoe was over-turned, and somehow she managed to reach a wooded island. Her abductors disappeared. She lay

exhausted until toward nightfall, when she managed to slip her wet bonds, and, wading waist deep to reach the southern bank, then slowly and wearily to make her way back to the fort.

No wonder Belle Finley had fled at the first tidings of her reappearance and the sergeant with her—for it was he who weakly gave her the carbine. She was heard of long after as a wanderer and outcast among the wild tribes in the mountains. He was killed by an Indian rival. No wonder old Shannon said he'd have no more of this "foolin'". Within the month, pretty Millie Shannon, a wisecracking, perhaps, became Mrs. Sergeant Cassidy, but not until Private Kramer's discharge papers were issued on telegraphic orders from Washington, and that much maligned young foreigner, to the relief of a garrison who didn't know just how to make amends, went back to home and fortune—without her.

"An' all towid," said Sergt. Shannon, "I misdoubt if he isn't much the luckier man of the two. Do'y hear that, Mrs. Cassidy?"

### FROM A BACHELOR'S VIEW.

When a strong man grows weak it is a woman he seeks for a crutch. The more you do for a man the madder he is with you for not doing more.

Youth will follow the torch in any one's hand; age wishes to carry it in its own hand.

Since the day of Mother Eve all the world has been searching for a pretty girl who did not know it.

Probably Helen of Troy pretended she couldn't for the life of her imagination who bothered her running after her.

If people could be young without being green and sentimental without being soft the world would be at the mercy of youth.

Widows are a vintage with a sharp flavor. The way to make at least one enemy is to do a favor to at least one man.

Even the ice man finds fault in hot weather because he has to keep on moving.

Some men are not content with being treated well; they want to be treated often.

It has been said that no two men ever think alike—yet a great many widows remarry.

When a woman finds that she suits the cook she is very foolish to insist on having a day out.

It makes a woman awfully lonesome not to have something once in so often to sit down and have a good cry over.

A woman will marry a man for himself and learn to love his riches afterwards, but she seldom marries him for riches and learns to love him for himself.

If men did not get into trouble and have women stand by them they would never know what it is about women that makes men sometimes want to die for them.

There was never a rich old skindint who at some time in his life would not give all his gold to have one minute of the joy of a happy boy who doesn't know a dollar from a penny.

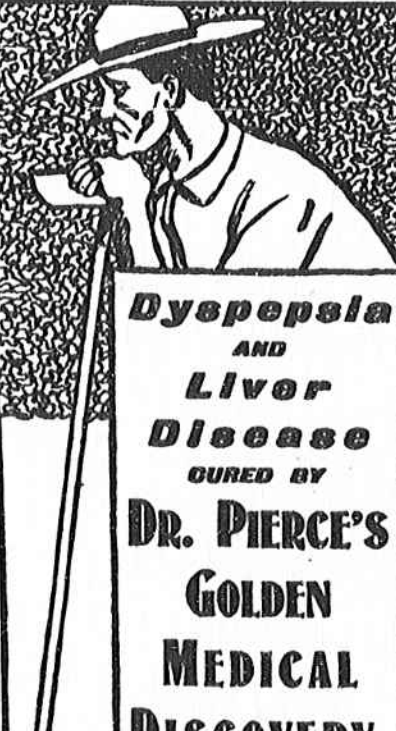
WITTY AND PROFANE.—J. Pierpont Morgan never posed as a humorist and his witty sayings would not make a very large book. The trust promoter, however, can joke on occasions, although his wit is not always far removed from coarseness.

One morning several weeks after the coal strike began Russell Sage and Mr. Morgan were riding down to business on an elevated train. The conversation naturally turned to the coal strike, chances of the output, prices coal would bring, etc.

Mr. Sage was telling of their good luck in procuring a lot at a moderate cost per ton. Mr. Morgan bantered him about the quality, claiming he did not get the real article at the price he mentioned.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Sage, "that coal is all right; the real article. I know it, for each piece is stamped 'Lehigh.'"

"That's a good one," answered the arbiter of finance; "but I'm thinking, Uncle Russell," as he slapped the sage of Lawrence Beach good-naturedly on the shoulder; "I'm thinking that the next lot you or anyone else will get, instead of being stamped 'Lehigh,' the chances are that it will be stamped 'D—high.'"



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THE NEW RANCH LIFE.—"Ranch life was once an adventure, now it is a business," says Mr. C. M. Harger in an article on "Modern Methods in the Cattle Industry," in The Outlook's September Magazine Number. He adds:

The glamour that surrounded the long trips over the trail from the open range to the shipping station, four hundred miles away, is no more. The typical cowboy who rode up the street of the cattle town, shooting revolvers and yelling that he was a "bad man," has passed into history. Even the "round-up" has lost some of its florid characteristics, and the owner of great herds, instead of wearing a broad-brimmed hat, trousers stuffed into the tops of high boots, with other accoutrements indicating that he is a "tough," is more likely to sport a well-tied four-in-hand, patent-leather shoes, and adorn his fancy vest front with a watch chain indicating that he has taken thirty-two degrees in the most exclusive society on earth. The business of cattle production has extended until it is not a venture nor a speculation, but an enterprise with far-reaching influences and with demands on the East as well as on the West.

The cattle ranch of to-day differs most from that of old in that it has mares and bounds. Barbed-wire fences have made it possible for cattle syndicates to know where their herds graze. Not all of them are on fenced land, and what is more notable—not all of the fenced land is owned by the men who use it. In the Southwest—that vast open plain including western Texas, western Oklahoma, eastern New Mexico, and parts of Arizona and Kansas—the cattleman who owns one-fourth of the land he has fenced thinks he is doing fairly well. In whole counties not more than twenty-five per cent. is either owned or leased by the users. The remainder? Some of it is


government land, free range, some is owned by Eastern investors, who took it under mortgage in the boom times; some belongs to the county because taxes have not been paid.

A TEXAS SNAKE STORY.—There is nothing new under the sun: A resident of San Antonio in a morning walk found a rattlesnake, pinned to the ground by a large stone, and being moved to sympathy, released it. The grateful creature glided off through the bushes rattling with joy at its escape. The next morning, on passing the same spot, the San Antonio was surprised to find the snake awaiting him, and was shocked when the reptile affectionately its gratitude. On the third morning the snake followed him to his home, where it took up its abode, sleeping at the foot of the bed. A strong attachment grew. One night there was a terrible commotion. A burglar had entered by the front window. The snake intercepted him, and when the gentleman arrived on the scene his serpentship was holding the intruder by winding its body about his ankle and had its tail out of the window rattling for a policeman.

One of the most important industries attaching to the cheap power now produced by Niagara is the electrical tearing apart of the molecule of common salt, resulting in the formation of caustic soda and bleaching powder.

By literally chasing it into a sand bank some Dea fishermen recently captured a royal sturgeon weighing over 200 pounds and measuring eight feet, eight inches in length and four feet in girth.

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TIME TABLE No. 2.  
Effective 12:01 A. M., Feb. 1st, 1901.

Read Down.	STATIONS.	Read Up.
No. 10. Mixed.		No. 9. Mixed.
10:40 a. m. .... Lv. Pickens Ar. ....	2:55 p. m.	
10:45 a. m. .... "Ferguson's" ....	2:45 p. m.	
10:55 a. m. .... "Parson's" ....	2:30 p. m.	
11:00 a. m. .... "Ariall's" ....	2:25 p. m.	
11:05 a. m. .... "Mauldin's" ....	2:20 p. m.	
11:15 a. m. .... Ar. Easley Lv. ....	2:15 p. m.	
No. 12. Mixed.		No. 11. Mixed.
4:00 p. m. .... Lv. Pickens Ar. ....	6:40 p. m.	
4:05 p. m. .... "Ferguson's" ....	6:30 p. m.	
4:15 p. m. .... "Parson's" ....	6:15 p. m.	
4:20 p. m. .... "Ariall's" ....	6:10 p. m.	
4:25 p. m. .... "Mauldin's" ....	6:05 p. m.	
4:40 p. m. .... Ar. Easley Lv. ....	6:00 p. m.	

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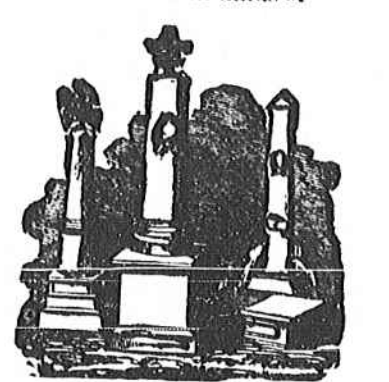
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